THEY THAT SIT IN DARKNESS

A STORY OF THE AUSTRALIAN NEVER-NEVER

BY JOHN MACKIE

AUTHOR OF "THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND" AND "SINNERS TWAIN"

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In another minute he was across my shoulders, and we were making toward the cave. Jack kept off the savages, who were gradually converging toward this point. It was a critical and deadly little skirmish. Another 100 yards and we would be safe. And then my foot caught something. I tripped and fell with my human burden. In another second the blacks were all around me. I could see their long shaggy mops of hair tremble on their shoulders, the rolling whites of their eyes, their uplifted spears and could hear their hoarse, fierce cries. In another second it would all be up with me. The next thing I knew was that some one shouted, "Get up, Parker, and run for your life." There was a "bang, bang, bang!" and I saw the huge bulk of Savile as, with lightninglike rapidity, he commenced a fusillade upon the blacks around him. In a few seconds more there was a clear space. Then Savile picked up Daly and made toward the cave.

"Don't run," he cried. "Walk and stand them off."

By this time the entire camp of blacks had been alarmed and came to the assistance of their comrades, but they had come too late, luckily for us, for in another minute we had reached the cave and crawled over the barricade. Several telling shots fired at the closing mob of blacks stopped the rush they made upon us to try and force our position.

And now the truth of the old saying, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," was exemplified in a remarkable fashion.

Savile carried Daly into the cave and placed him on the ground. I noticed that when the rest of us were otherwise occupied he took two or three handfuls of cartridges from the wounded man's pockets and transferred them to his own. I understood the spirit that prompted him to do this. Then Daly came to himself and opened his eyes. I saw Elsie Gordon go toward him. When she saw that ominous, awakened look on his face and that flickering light in his eyes—there was no mistaking it—she forgot all this man's treachery and double dealing. Remembering only that she had loved him, she knelt by his side and, taking his hand in hers, cried over it bitterly.

But the dying man drew it away.

We found that the spear had entered a little below the left shoulder, and could not be withdrawn.

When Daly realized that the worst had happened to him, his cheeks paled, and he looked around upon us with such a fearful light in his eyes that I realized what a hell a man's own thoughts could be. I noticed that Gordon had risen from the spot where he had lain and come feebly toward us. The black boys kept a lookout at the mouth of the cave. We could see that the dark valley was already casting its shadow upon Daly, that a mortal struggle was going on within him.

"If you've aught to say, Daly," said the Scotsman—somewhat simplifying his Doric to suit the man he addressed—"that would ease your mind, say't—'as long's the lamp holds on to burn,' you know. Remember there was one who died for sinners such as you and me."

Then Daly spoke. His voice was wonderfully firm, though there was that within him which told him the mainspring of life was about run down, and that the mechanism of the mortal frame must soon come to a standstill. He said:

"That's so, Gordon. I've been gambling with the devil, but he holds the trump card now." He paused a minute as if to draw breath and listen, then went on again: "And this is what I used to call 'kingdom come' at last, is it? Yes, it's coming and no mistake. Open my shirt, Savile, and look inside. Take off the flannel belt and see what you find there."

Savile did as he was told. We all stood round with wondering and awestruck faces. I knew instinctively that now a mystery was to be cleared up; that the inscrutable Nemesis which like a shadow follows close upon erring lives was about to settle down upon one of its victims. Inside the shirt was the flannel belt. Sewed up in it were a small bunch of papers, receipts for horses and several £5 Queensland bank notes. Daly stared fixedly at the roof of the cave as he spoke again—as if he were unable to meet our looks.

"These are some of the notes," he said, "that were taken from the body of Sexton, who was murdered on the Cloncurry."

One or two of us gave utterance to involuntary exclamations of surprise, and I think that nearly all of us started back in horror; for, surely, here was the murderer of Sexton!

"'Judge not that ye be not judged,'" said Gordon, significantly looking at us and bending over the dying man. "That's right, Daly. While you have time unburden your soul and gie the de'il the slip. Remember who it was that accompanied Christ into paradise when he died on the cross."

Then Daly seemed to gain fresh courage, for he looked at us now and spoke.

"Addressing the Almighty ain't much in my line," he said, "and I ain't going to address him more than I can help now, but I feel's if somehow it would make the handing in of my checks a bit pleasanter if I cleared up certain matters just a little. I swear that I did not murder Sexton. I know that some of you have fancied all along that I did, and these notes, which you'll find by their numbers are them that were took from his body, would lead you to believe that I did, but it's not so. I've nothing to gain by dying with a lie in my throat. I'm speaking the truth now—I'd say 's'help me God' if I dared. The chap as did it was the man who, in his turn, was murdered by the blacks and whom you found on Scrubby creek in last July."

Jack and I stared blankly at one another, and I could see that even Norah Mackenzie looked mystified. How much of what he said was true, and how much was false? Was he going to die with another sin on his soul—that of "false witness?" Then he continued:

(To be Continued.)

WEAK, NERVOUS WOMEN.

Could we read the hearts of women what a vast amount of suffering would be exposed. Female weakness has produced more invalids among women than any other cause. Have you any of the following symptoms? Nervousness Weakness, Backache, Headache, "All-Gone" Feeling, Hot Flushes, Variable Appetite, Restlessness, No Ambition, Easily Excited, Painful Periods, Bearing-down Pains, Leuchorrhoœa, Pimples on the Face, Pains in the Loins, Eyes Sunken, No Vital Energy, etc. We Can Cure You. It matters not who has treated and and failed in curing you. Consultation by Mail is Absolutely Free, and if curable we will tell you so. Don't let surgeons operate on you. We can cure you without cutting. Our New Method treatment is mild and pleasant. Family doctors have treated you for years, yet you are not cured—they only help you from time to time. Let us cure you at your own home by our New Method Treatment. Hundreds are being cured. Why not you? We will mail you our Symptom Blank simply for the asking, and we will tell you free of charge what we think of your case. Remember, your letters are kept strictly private and confidential and are answered in plain sealed envelope. Write at once, enclosing stamp for reply. Address DR. W. H. SAUNDERS & Co., Sta. C., Chicago, Ill. Mention this paper.

Dec 21, 1900, d&wlyr.

Just an Ordinary Steak.

"When in Hamburg, we supposed we must do as the Hamburgers did, so at our first meal there we asked for Hamburg steak," said the woman. "Besides, we wanted to see how that viand would taste upon its native heath, anyway. But to all our requests, couched in our best scholastic German, the waiter shook his head. Like many another prophet, the Hamburg steak was apparently without honor in its own country. At all events, our waiter hadn't heard of it. 'Oh, well,' we said, 'just bring us an ordinary beef steak.' But, lo and behold, when the meat was served there it was all chopped up and made into small cakes—what Americans call, in fact, 'Hamburg steak!' To Hamburgers a Hamburg steak was an 'ordinary steak.'"

The profit of a gold mine depends, not on the amount of rock crushed under the stamps but upon the amount of gold which can be extracted from the rock. In a similar way the value of the food which is eaten does not depend on the quantity which is taken into the stomach but upon the amount of nourishment extracted from it by the organs of nutrition and digestion. When these organs are diseased they fail to extract the nourishment in sufficient quantities to supply the needs of the several organs of the body, and these organs cannot work without nourishment. The result is heart "trouble," liver "trouble," and many another ailments. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, acting on every organ of the digestive and nutritive system, restores it to health and vigor. It cures diseases remote from the stomach through the stomach in which they originated. "Golden Medical Discovery" contains neither alcohol nor narcotics.

SUNDERED

O love, since you and I must walk apart,
Spare me one little corner of your heart—
A shrine
That shall be wholly mine!

Others may claim, and rightfully, the rest;
If there I know I am not dispossessed,
All bliss
I, eager, shall not miss.

And if so be you sometimes offer there,
Though but in thought, the fragment of a prayer,
No more
Can I, alas, implore!

But that is much and shall, forsooth, avail
To make my footsteps falter not nor fail,
Though far
Our pathways sundered are.

Then, love, since you and I must walk apart,
Spare me one little corner of your heart—
A shrine
That shall be wholly mine!

—Clinton Scollard in Harper's Bazar.

A Good Investment.

"Is marriage a failure?" "I should say not!" remarked an Oregon farmer. "Why, there's Lucindy gits up in the mornin, milks six cows, gits breakfast, starts four children to skewl, looks arter the other three, feeds the hens, likewise the hogs, likewise some motherless sheep, skims 20 pans of milk, washes the clothes, gits dinner, et cetery, et cetery! Think I could hire any body to do it for what she gits? Not much! Marriage, sir, is a success—a great success!"

Diminished Incentive.

"I suppose you have been a good boy," said the youngster's uncle.

"Well," was the answer, "I haven't had to be as good as usual. You see, we only have one circus a summer nowadays."

Mollifying a Boston Girl.

"[illegible] I heard that you said I reminded [illegible] of the north pole. Don't try to deny [illegible]."

"Of course I did. You are so sought after, you know."—Chicago Times-Herald.

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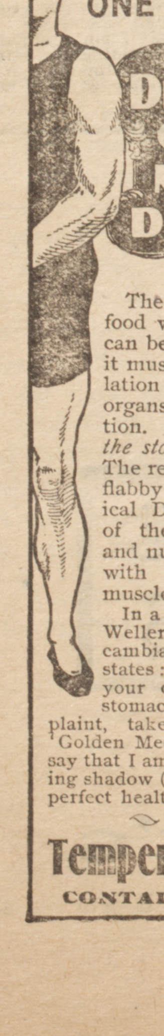

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"I was once saved by seaweed," said an old sea captain, "down in the Falkland islands. We were being washed on a lee shore when the skipper, an old fellow from Nova Scotia, picked up a vine that was floating on the water and hauled it in until it got pretty near as big as a man's body; then he made it fast, and we swung by it, as good a cable as you would want to see and one of the curiousest things."

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How Br'er Rabbit Beat Br'er Fox.

One day Br'er Fox was hungry. As he wandered about the woods he saw a squirrel upon the branch of a tall tree. "Hello, Br'er Squirrel!" he said. "Hello, Br'er Fox!" replied the squirrel.

Then said Brer Fox: "I once had a brother who could jump from limb to limb." "So can I," replied Br'er Squirrel. "Let me see you," said the fox. So the squirrel jumped from limb to limb.

"Br'er Squirrel, I have a brother who can jump from tree to tree." "I can too." So Br'er Squirrel jumped from tree to tree.

"Br'er Squirrel, I had a brother who could jump from the top of a tall tree right into my arms." "I can too." And he did. Br'er Fox ate him all up.

Br'er Rabbit was lying in his bed near by and saw all that was done. "Br'er Fox," said he, "your a mighty smart man, but I had a brother who could do something you cannot do."

"What was it?" said Br'er Fox.

"My brother could let anybody tie a large rock around his neck and jump off this bridge into the water and swim out." "So can I," said the fox. Then Br'er Rabbit fixed the rock and the string, and Br'er Fox jumped, but he has not been heard of since.

Thinking of Her.

In the "Recollections of a New England Town" is the story of Mr. Bush, an inventor and a very studious man, who sometimes became so absorbed in thought as to forget both place and people.

His wife was a notable housekeeper, but she did not always go to church. One Sunday she accompanied her husband thither, and glad and proud was he. But when the service was over he walked away home, leaving her behind. Mrs. Bush was grieved.

"My dear," she said when she reached the house, "I don't know what people will think. You came away without me. It was plain to be seen that I was entirely forgotten."

Mr. Bush looked at her in comical dismay. "Forgotten, my dear?" said he. "Oh, no; I don't think that's possible. Why," a brilliant idea striking him, "now I remember. I was thinking of you all the way home. I was thinking what a good dinner you'd give me!"

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Monday, November 26, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Halifax and Campbellton.. 7.20
Express for Point du Chene, Halifax, and Picton 12.15
Express for Sussex.. .... 16.40
Express for Quebec, and Montreal.... 17.05
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney 22.10

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex.... .... 8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec.... 12.40
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene 16.00
Express from Halifax and Campbellton 19.15
*Accommodation from Halifax and Sydney........ 24.45
*Daily, except Monday

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. Twenty-four hour notation.

D POTTINGER,
General Manager
Moncton, N B, November 22, 1900.
City Ticket Office, King street, St John, N B